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Ebenezer was blank. "Jenny?" he said. "Jenny Winslow? I heard she was here. I don't see her. Is she bound to keep Christmas anyhow?"

"Just white goods it was," said Abel briefly.

Ebenezer frowned his lack of understanding. "I shouldn't think her and Bruce had much of anything to buy anything with," he said. "I guess you know," he added, "that Bruce, the young fellow, quit working for me in the city after the failure? Threw up his job with me and took God knows what to do."

Abel nodded gravely. All Old Town knew that and honored Bruce for it.

"Headstrong couple," Ebenezer added. "So Jenny's bent on having Christmas, no matter what the town decides, is she?" he added. "It's like her, the minx."

"I don't think it was planned that way," Abel said simply. "She's only buying 'white goods,' he repeated. And, Ebenezer still staring. "Surely you know what Jenny's come home for?" Abel said.

A moment or two later Ebenezer was out on the street again, his face turned now to the factory. He was aware of Abel caught out from the door behind him and called after him, "Whatever you're set ready to tell me that there's a class, you know?" Ebenezer answered something, but his responses were off a guitars and nothing. "I can't tell that his will to reply was in any particular way. He also went now, just before him, But Bruce was proceeding with the snow, cutting a firm, white way, soft and sparkling for soft treadling, a gartered border by a featherly drift that tumbled and heaped and then came in a glitter of crystals. But thought went on without them without his will.

CHAPTER VII. A Christmas Carol.

BRUCE's baby! It would be a fine too. The third generation, the third generation. And he remembered as he wanted every experience to himself, measure it, value it by its own values to him, the effect of his education was at first single—the third generation of Bruce! Was he no old as that?

It seemed only yesterday that Bruce had been a boy in a blue necktie to match his eyes and shoes which for some reason he always put on wrong, so that the buttons were on the inside. But he had! Good heaven! It had been a shock when Bruce graduated from the high school, a shock when he had married, but to baby! It was incredible that he himself should be so old as that!

This meant, then, that if Malcolm had lived Malcolm might have had a child now.

Ebenezer had not meant to think that. It was as if the thought came and spoke to him. He never allowed himself to think of that other life of his, when his wife, Letty, and his son, Malcolm, had been living. Nobody in Old Town ever heard him speak of them or had ever been answered when Ebenezer had been spoken to concerning them. A high white steeple in the cemetery marked the two graves. All about them doors had been closed, but with the thought of this third generation the doors all opened. He looked along ways that he had forgotten.

As he went he was unconscious, as he was always unconscious, of the little street. He saw the market square, not as the heart of the town, but as a place for buying and selling, and the little shops were to him not ways of providing the town with life, but ways of providing those keepers with a living blood. Beyond these was a family setting, arranged that day with white background and hemmed curtains and lace, the houses standing side by side like human beings. There they were, like the chorus to the thing he was thinking about. They were all thinking about it too. Every one of them knew what he knew. Yet he never saw the bond, but he thought they were only the places where men lived who had been his factory hands and would be so if he had not cast them away. Ben Torrey, shouting off his front walk with his boy sweeping before him; August Mudr, giving his little girl a ride on the snow sled; Norton Hatch, clearing the ice out of her mail box, while her sister—the little one—watched from her chair by the window interested as in a real event. Ebenezer spoke to them from some outposts of consciousness which his thought did not possess. The little street was not there as it was never there for him as an entity. It was merely a street. And the little town was not an entity. It was merely where he lived. It went behind him and the newpew—as he always

It Was Malcolm's Hobbyhorse, Dappled Gray.

appeared. But this, after all, was not Ebenezer's way, and he went up the stairs himself.

Each upper room was like some one unconscious in stupor of death and still as distinct in personality as if in some ancient activity. There was the shell he had put up in their room, the round place on the floor where he had tipped over a lamp, scattered shreds of the paper she had hung to surprise him, the little spoonman who'd had dinner out for Malcolm when he was old enough and whose door had had to be kept closed because human

merable unengaged birds lived there.

When he had gone through the piles of account books in a closet and those he sought were not found among them he remembered the trunkful in the tiny loft. He let down from the passage ceiling the ladder he had once hung there and climbed up to the little roof recess.

Light entered through some broken panes of skylight. It fell in a faint ring on the dusty floor. The roof slates were sharp and the beams and boxes had been pressed back to the rim of the place. Ebenezer put his hands out, groping. They touched an edge of something that swayed. He held hold of it and drew it out and set down on the faint ring of light a small wooden hobbyhorse.

He stood staring at it, remembering it as clearly as if some one had set before him the old white gate which he strode in his own boyhood. It was Malcolm's hobbyhorse, dappled gray, the tall and the mane flowing and the paint worn off—and tenderly tickled off his nose. When they had moved to the other house he had bought the boy a pony, and this horse had been left behind. Something else stirred in his memory, the name by which Malcolm had used to call his hobbyhorse, some ringing name—but he had forgotten. He thrust the thing back where it had been and went on with his search for the account books.

By the time he had found them and had got down again in the office the bookkeeper was there, keeping up the fire and uttering, with some acumen, comments on the obvious aspects of the weather, of the climate, of the visible universe. The bookkeeper was a young man, very ready to agree with Ebenezer for the sake of future favor, but with the wisdom of all industrial machines constructed by men from human potentialities. Also he had a cough and thin hands and a little family and no job.

"Quiet to work on this book," Ebenezer bade him. "It's the one that began the business."

"No," Ellen said, and stopped shaving silver polish.

"He's coming in two weeks," Mrs. Winslow implored. "She'll tell me so herself. She's got his room fixed up with ovals on the wall paper. She's bought him a wash basin with a rim of puppies and a red stocking cap. I saw her."

"How old is he?" Ellen asked and worked again.

"I never thought to ask her," Mrs. Winslow confessed. "He must be quite a little fellow. But he's coming alone from some place out west."

"Hey, king and country!" Ellen's father said; "I'd hate to have a boy come here with my head the way it is."

"And keeping the house 'all upset,'" Ellen's mother said, and asked Mrs. Winslow some question about Mary; and when she turned to Ellen again, "Why, Ellen Bourne," she said, "you've shaved up every bit of that cleaning polish, and we're most done cleaning."

Ellen was looking at Mrs. Winslow, "If you see her," Ellen said, "you ask her if I can't do anything to help."

Later in the day, happening in at Mrs. Mortimer Bates, Mrs. Winslow found Mrs. Moran before her and asked what they had heard about Mary Chayah? Something in that word "about" pricks curiously his sharp ear. "Have you heard about Mary Chayah?" "It's too bad about Mary Chayah." "Isn't it queer about Mary Chayah?" Each of these is like setting flame to an edge of tissue. Omit "about" from the language, and you waste most gossip. At Mrs. Winslow's house both women's eyebrows curved to another sharp.

"Do you find it so?" said Ebenezer.

"Bored, please."

At noon Ebenezer walked home alone through the melting snow. And the thought that he did not think, but that spoke to him without his knowing, made him feel bad.

"Family life does cling to a man," he said.

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**The News of
Nearby
Towns.**

VANDERBILT

VANDERBILT, Dec. 14.—G. C. Ladd of Connelly visited friends here Saturday.

The new feature subscriber that Mr. Ladd took home is a willow tree, and a claim was made we don't expect to have them after Dec. 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Towns are in their second Miss Mary's class.

Carlton Brown, who has been staying at Mr. F. J. Lowe's, for the past week, has returned to his home in Connellsville.

Among the young people who attended the First Methodist Church on Sunday was the Saturday Evening Club, consisting of the Christian青年 Society, meeting. Mrs. A. A. Arnett, Mrs. Anna Stoffer, Mrs. Nellie Wren and daughter, Little Misses J. Jeff and M. and Mrs. Starkweather, and Mrs. Henry Lee Dawson, Mrs. and Mrs. Edward Dunn, and Misses Alice and Mrs. Eddie McFarland of Connellsville.

It is the birthday of Frank Marion today, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Marion.

Mr. H. C. Hall and daughter Mary Elizabeth have returned home after visiting the former's father at Uniontown.

Charles Stark of Connellsville was a guest at the Union Station Inn.

The teachers of Unionville and Dawson Heights, together with those who reside there and in the Unionville vicinity, will attend the county meeting at Uniontown on the 21st.

The first and largest of the series of the present meetings is now in the repertoire of the Saturday Afternoon Club which Saturday night in the Christian青年 Church in the afternoon being the First Methodist Church. Miss Julia C. Hodges is chairman of the entertainment, and Mr. C. C. in the music room.

The next meeting will be on Friday, Dec. 18, being the 11th month of the year.

The Willing Workers and the Unionville class of the M. E. Church will have their annual hand and piano recital in the First Methodist Church on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Orville is to visit Mrs. W. E. Bell and daughter in Franklin on Saturday.

INDIAN CREEK

INDIAN CREEK, Dec. 14.—Frank S. H. Chapman was born in the town Saturday evening. Father Frank S. Chapman and Mother Frank of Marion were tickled with the birth of their son, Harry.

Miss and Mrs. John W. Clegg, a newly married couple from the town, are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morris of Marion.

Frank Y. Martin, a business center of Connellsville, started his new business Saturday.

Mrs. Dora V. Martin of Mill Run, formerly of Connellsville, where she will make her future home.

S. M. Hutchins, a Connellsville boy, came back Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are in Franklin, and Mr. and Mrs. Bell are in Unionville.

Frank older brother, a doctor in Connellsville, is in New York.

N. G. Short, only of Newrydale, is continuing his studies in Connellsville.

J. M. Steiner of Shadyside was born Saturday.

E. M. Smith of Unionville, who is employed by the F. W. Woolworth Company, celebrated his eighteenth Sunday with his family in Mill Run.

Edward E. Miller, a business center of Connellsville, is in New York.

Rev. John H. Hart, of Mill Run, left for St. Louis on the morning when he was conducting services at Hartwood.

Charles Metzger of Franklin, after spending his vacation in Connellsville, returned.

ROCKWOOD

ROCKWOOD, Dec. 14.—A minute taken up in spending several days visiting friends in Franklin, Pa.

Mrs. Florence Bell spent Friday the 13th of this month at home of Somers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Day entertained a number of their friends at a social gathering on Friday.

Rev. J. T. Dow, who has just returned from Shadyside, where he is residing, is牧师 of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Somers. He is a series of evangelistic services reported a very successful meeting.

C. F. Thompson spent Friday and Saturday in Jefferson visiting relatives.

Rev. Dr. S. Kurtz and family are spending several days visiting friends in Franklin, and will return to their home in Connellsville in the early part of December.

On the 13th, Saturday evening, in the basement of the First Presbyterian Church the Men's Little Club will hold a candlelight service with singing. This will be the first in the community.

Sick Hendrich

Sick Hendrich, a nearly 70-year-old invalid, of the Stephen Cressell there and the rest of the family, is ill and he will die soon. Mr. John Ladd, G. C. Ladd, Eddie Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williams, with mother and wife, all of Franklin, are ill and are in bed.

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**Mrs. Daniels, Wife of Secretary
Of Navy, Popular in Washington**



MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS

SOISSON THEATRE
THE HOUSE OF LILLES.
TODAY!

CHAS DICKENS' GREAT CHRISTMAS CAROL
IN 3 REELS

"SCROOGE"

THE FAMOUS MOUNTAIN DRAMA IN 3 REELS

"HUMAN HEARTS"

THE BEAUTIFUL DRAMA

"SLOW BUT SURE"

A GREAT DRAMATIC BILL. - - - 5 and 10 Cents

PNEUMONIA.

LITTLE Edition Health and Hygiene by STANLEY DIX in M. P. MD. D. Courtesies or Health.

This is the major who pneumonia is the chiefest of all health problems.

Rev. John H. Hart, of Mill Run, left for St. Louis on the morning when he was conducting services at Hartwood.

Charles Metzger of Franklin, after spending his vacation in Connellsville, returned.

W. Parker of Indian Head was transferred to Unionville on Saturday.

John Ladd, who is employed by the F. W. Woolworth Company, celebrated his eighteenth Sunday with his family in Mill Run.

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